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REQUEST OF

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MAUD,

AND OTHER POEMS.



MAUD

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.,  
POET LAUREATE.

BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

MDCCCLV.



23487.27.5

A

1874, *Am. Hist. Soc.*  
Bequest of  
Hon. Charles Sumner  
of Boston  
(1874-1875.)

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## M A U D .

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### I.

#### 1.

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little  
wood,  
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-  
red heath,  
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of  
blood,  
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers  
'Death.'

## 2.

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was  
found,

His who had given me life — O father! O God!  
was it well? —

Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinto into  
the ground:

There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he  
fell.

## 3.

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a great  
speculation had fail'd,

And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever  
wann'd with despair,

And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken  
worldling wail'd,

And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove  
thro' the air.

## 4.

remember the time, for the roots of my hair were  
stirr'd  
a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a  
whisper'd fright,  
d my pulses closed their gates with a shock on  
my heart as I heard  
e shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the  
shuddering night.

## 5.

lany somewhere! whose? One says, we are  
villains all.  
t he: his honest fame should at least by me be  
maintain'd:  
t that old man, now lord of the broad estate and  
the Hall,  
pt off gorged from a scheme that had left us  
flaccid and drain'd.



## 6.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace?  
have made them a curse,  
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not  
own;  
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better  
worse  
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on  
own hearthstone?

## 7.

But these are the days of advance, the works of  
men of mind,  
When who but a fool would have faith in  
tradesman's ware or his word?  
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that  
of a kind  
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing  
sword.

## 8.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the  
print  
Of the golden age — why not? I have neither hope  
nor trust;  
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as  
a flint,  
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are  
ashes and dust.

## 9.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days  
gone by,  
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together,  
each sex, like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all  
men lie;  
Peace in her vineyard — yes! — but a company  
forges the wine.

## 10.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's  
head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the  
trampled wife,  
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to  
the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means  
of life.

## 11.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villanous  
centre-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless  
nights,  
While another is cheating the sick of a few last  
gasps, as he sits  
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson  
lights.

## 12.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a  
burial fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's  
bones,  
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land  
and by sea,  
Or war with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred  
thrones.

## 13.

Or I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round  
by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-  
decker out of the foam,  
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap  
from his counter and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating  
yard-wand, home.

## 14.

There are workmen up at the Hall: they are  
coming back from abroad,  
The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a  
millionnaire:  
I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular  
beauty of Maud,  
I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised  
then to be fair.

## 15.

Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles  
and childish escapes,  
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of  
the Hall,  
Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father  
dangled the grapes,  
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced  
darling of all,—

## 16.

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may  
bring me a curse.

No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let  
me alone.

Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman  
or man be the worse.

I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may  
pipe to his own.

## II.

LONG have I sigh'd for a calm : God grant I may  
find it at last !

It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither  
savor nor salt,

But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her  
carriage past,

Perfectly beautiful : let it be granted her : where is  
the fault ?

All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to  
be seen)

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
Dead perfection, no more ; nothing more, if it had  
not been

**F**or a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect  
of the rose,

**O**r an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe,  
too full,

**O**r the least little delicate aquiline curve in a  
sensitive nose,

**F**rom which I escaped heart-free, with the least  
little touch of spleen.



## III.

COLD and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly  
meek,

Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was  
drown'd,

Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on  
the cheek,

Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom  
profound ;

Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient  
wrong

Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as  
pale as before

Growing and fading and growing upon me without  
a sound,

Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the  
night long

Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear  
it no more,

But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden  
ground,

Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-  
wrecking roar,

Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd  
down by the wave,

Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and  
found

The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his  
grave.

## IV.

## 1.

A MILLION emeralds break from the ruby-budded  
lime

In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore  
cannot I be

Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful  
season bland,

When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a  
softer clime,

Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent  
of sea,

The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the  
land ?

## 2.

low me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet  
and small !  
d yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal,  
and spite ;  
d Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies  
as a Czar ;  
d here on the landward side, by a red rock,  
glimmers the Hall ;  
d up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like  
a light ;  
t sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading  
star !

## 3.

en have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head  
of the race ?  
et her abroad with her brother, but not to her  
brother I bow'd ;

I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the  
moor ;

But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her  
beautiful face.

O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being  
so proud ;

Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am  
nameless and poor.

## 4.

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander  
and steal ;

I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or  
like

A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its  
way :

✓ For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher  
can heal ;

The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow  
spear'd by the shrike,  
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of  
plunder and prey.

## 5.

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair  
in her flower ;  
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen  
hand at a game  
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever  
succeed ?  
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an  
hour ;  
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a  
brother's shame ;  
However we brave it out, we men are a little  
breed.

## 6.

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of  
Earth,  
For him did his high sun flame, and his river  
billowing ran,  
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's  
crowning race.  
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for  
his birth,  
So many a million of ages have gone to the making  
of man :  
He now is first, but is he the last ? is he not too  
base ?

## 7.

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and  
vain,  
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded  
and poor ;

The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly  
and vice.

I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate  
brain ;

For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it,  
were more

Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a  
garden of spice.

.

## 8.

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by  
the veil.

Who knows the ways of the world, how God will  
bring them about ?

Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is  
wide.

Shall I weep if a Poland fall ? shall I shriek if a  
Hungary fail ?



Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with  
knout?

I have not made the world, and He that made it  
will guide.

## 9.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland  
ways,

Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be  
my lot,

Far off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub  
of lies;

From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are  
ever hissing dispraise

Because their natures are little, and, whether he  
heed it or not,

Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of  
poisonous flies.

## 10.

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness  
of love,

The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless  
ill.

Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet  
for a wife.

Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in  
marble above ;

Your father is ever in London, you wander about at  
your will ;

You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies  
of life.

## V.

## 1.

A voice by the cedar tree,  
In the meadow under the Hall!  
She is singing an air that is known to me,  
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet's call!  
Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of May,  
Singing of men that in battle array,  
Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and fife  
To the death, for their native land.

## 2.

Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky

And feet like sunny gems on an English green,  
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,  
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,  
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,  
And myself so languid and base.

## 3.

Silence, beautiful voice !  
Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
A glory I shall not find.  
Still ! I will hear you no more,  
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice  
But to move to the meadow and fall before  
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,  
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,  
Not her, not her, but a voice.

## VI.

## 1.

MORNING arises stormy and pale,  
No sun, but a wannish glare  
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,  
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd  
Caught and cuff'd by the gale :  
I had fancied it would be fair.

## 2.

Whom but Maud should I meet  
Last night, when the sunset burn'd  
On the blossom'd gable-ends  
At the head of the village street,

Whom but Maud should I meet ?  
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet  
She made me divine amends  
For a courtesy not return'd.

## 3.

And thus a delicate spark  
Of glowing and growing light  
Thro' the livelong hours of the dark  
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,  
Ready to burst in a color'd flame ;  
Till at last when the morning came  
In a cloud, it faded, and seems  
But an ashen-gray delight.

## 4.

What if with her sunny hair,  
And smile as sunny as cold,  
She meant to weave me a snare  
Of some coquettish deceit,

Cleopatra-like as of old  
To entangle me when we met,  
To have her lion roll in a silken net  
And fawn at a victor's feet.

## 5.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty  
Should Nature keep me alive,  
If I find the world so bitter  
When I am but twenty-five?  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile were all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

## 6.

What if tho' her eye seem'd full  
Of a kind intent to me,  
What if that dandy-despot, he,

That jewell'd mass of millinery,  
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull  
Smelling of musk and of insolence,  
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
Who wants the finer politic sense  
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,  
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn —  
What if he had told her yester-morn  
How prettily for his own sweet sake  
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,  
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,  
That so, when the rotten hustings shake  
In another month to his brazen lies,  
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

## 7.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,  
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,  
Or thou wilt prove their tool.  
Yea too, *myself from myself I guard.*



Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with  
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In another month to his brazen lies,  
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

## 7.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,  
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,  
Or thou wilt prove their tool.  
Yea too, *myself from myself* I guard.



For often a man's own angry pride  
Is cap and bells for a fool.

## 8.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone  
Came out of her pitying womanhood,  
For am I not, am I not, here alone  
So many a summer since she died,  
My mother, who was so gentle and good?  
Living alone in an empty house,  
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,  
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,  
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse  
And my own sad name in corners cried,  
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown  
About its echoing chambers wide,  
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown  
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,  
And a morbid eating lichen fixt  
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

## 9.

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught  
By that you swore to withstand ?  
For what was it else within me wrought  
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,  
That made my tongue so stammer and trip  
When I saw the treasured splendor, her hand,  
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,  
And the sunlight broke from her lip ?

## 10.

I have play'd with her when a child ;  
She remembers it now we meet.  
Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled  
By some coquettish deceit.  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile had all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

## VII.

## 1.

Did I hear it half in a doze

Long since, I know not where ?

Did I dream it an hour ago,

When asleep in this arm-chair ?

## 2.

Men were drinking together,

Drinking and talking of me ;

‘ Well, if it prove a girl, the boy

Will have plenty : so let it be.’

## 3.

Is it an echo of something

Read with a boy’s delight,

Viziers nodding together

In some Arabian night ?

## 4.

Strange, that I hear two men,  
Somewhere, talking of me ;  
' Well, if it prove a girl, my boy  
Will have plenty : so let it be.'

.

## VIII.

SHE came to the village church,  
And sat by a pillar alone ;  
An angel watching an urn  
Wept over her, carved in stone ;  
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,  
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd  
To find they were met by my own ;  
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat strong  
And thicker, until I heard no longer  
The snowy-banded, dilettante,  
Delicate-handed priest intone ;  
And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd  
' No surely, now it cannot be pride.'

## IX.

I WAS walking a mile,  
More than a mile from the shore,  
The sun look'd out with a smile,  
Betwixt the cloud and the moor,  
And riding at set of day  
Over the dark moor land,  
Rapidly riding far away,  
She waved to me with her hand.  
There were two at her side,  
Something flash'd in the sun,  
Down by the hill I saw them ride,  
In a moment they were gone :

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Whom but Maud should I meet ?  
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet  
She made me divine amends  
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And thus a delicate spark  
Of glowing and growing light  
Thro' the livelong hours of the dark  
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,  
Ready to burst in a color'd flame ;  
Till at last when the morning came  
In a cloud, it faded, and seems  
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What if with her sunny hair,  
And smile as sunny as cold,  
She meant to weave me a snare  
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Cleopatra-like as of old  
To entangle me when we met,  
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## 5.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty  
Should Nature keep me alive,  
If I find the world so bitter  
When I am but twenty-five?  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile were all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

## 6.

What if tho' her eye seem'd full  
Of a kind intent to me,  
What if that dandy-despot, he,

That jewell'd mass of millinery,  
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull  
Smelling of musk and of insolence,  
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
Who wants the finer politic sense  
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,  
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn —  
What if he had told her yester-morn  
How prettily for his own sweet sake  
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,  
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,  
That so, when the rotten hustings shake  
In another month to his brazen lies,  
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

## 7.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,  
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,  
Or thou wilt prove their tool.  
Yea too, *myself from myself* I guard.

For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,  
She might by a true descent be untrue ;  
And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet :  
Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due  
To the sweeter blood by the other side ;  
Her mother has been a thing complete,  
However she came to be so allied.  
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Maud to him is nothing akin :  
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And heap'd the whole inherited sin  
On that huge scapegoat of the race,  
All, all upon the brother.

## 4.

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be !  
Has not his sister smiled on me ?

## 9.

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught  
By that you swore to withstand ?  
For what was it else within me wrought  
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,  
That made my tongue so stammer and trip  
When I saw the treasured splendor, her hand,  
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,  
And the sunlight broke from her lip ?

## 10.

I have play'd with her when a child ;  
She remembers it now we meet.  
Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled  
By some coquettish deceit.  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile had all that I dream'd,  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with  
knout ?

I have not made the world, and He that made it  
will guide.

## 9.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland  
ways,

Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be  
my lot,

Far off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub  
of lies ;

From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are  
ever hissing dispraise

Because their natures are little, and, whether he  
heed it or not,

Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of  
poisonous flies.

## 10.

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness  
of love,

The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless  
ill.

Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet  
for a wife.

Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in  
marble above ;

Your father is ever in London, you wander about at  
your will ;

You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies  
of life.

## V.

## 1.

A voice by the cedar tree,  
In the meadow under the Hall!  
She is singing an air that is known to me,  
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet's call!  
Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of May,  
Singing of men that in battle array,  
Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and fife  
To the death, for their native land.

## 2.

Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,

And feet like sunny gems on an English green,  
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,  
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,  
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,  
And myself so languid and base.

## 3.

Silence, beautiful voice !

Be still, for you only trouble the mind

With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,

A glory I shall not find.

Still ! I will hear you no more,

For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice

But to move to the meadow and fall before

Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,

Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,

Not her, not her, but a voice.



## VI.

## 1.

MORNING arises stormy and pale,  
No sun, but a wannish glare  
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,  
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd  
Caught and cuff'd by the gale :  
I had fancied it would be fair.

## 2.

Whom but Maud should I meet  
Last night, when the sunset burn'd  
On the blossom'd gable-ends  
At the head of the village street,

Whom but Maud should I meet ?  
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet  
She made me divine amends  
For a courtesy not return'd.

## 3.

And thus a delicate spark  
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Thro' the livelong hours of the dark  
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Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,  
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## 4.

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be !  
Has not his sister smiled on me ?

## XIV.

## 1.

MAUD has a garden of roses  
And lilies fair on a lawn ;  
There she walks in her state  
And tends upon bed and bower ;  
And thither I climb'd at dawn  
And stood by her garden-gate ;  
A lion ramps at the top,  
He is claspt by a passion-flower.

## 2.

Maud's own little oak-room  
(Which Maud, like a precious stone

The bitter springs of anger and fear ;  
Down too, down at your own fireside,  
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,  
For each is at war with mankind.

## 4. /

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
Like some of the simple great ones gone  
For ever and ever by,  
One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one  
Who can rule and dare not lie.

## XI.

## 1.

O LET the solid ground  
Not fail beneath my feet  
Before my life has found  
What some have found so sweet ;  
Then let come what come may,  
What matter if I go mad,  
I shall have had my day.

## 2.

Let the sweet heavens endure,  
*Not close and darken above me*



Before I am quite quite sure

That there is one to love me ;

Then let come what come may

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XII.

1.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden  
 When twilight was falling,  
 Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
 They were crying and calling.

2.

Where was Maud ? in our wood ;  
 And I, who else, was with her,  
 Gathering woodland lilies,  
 Myriads blow together.

3.

Birds in our wood sang  
 Ringing thro' the valleys,  
 Maud is here, here, here  
 In among the lilies.

## 4.

I kiss'd her slender hand,  
She took the kiss sedately ;  
Maud is not seventeen,  
But she is tall and stately.

## 5.

I to cry out on pride  
Who have won her favor !  
O Maud were sure of Heaven  
If lowliness could save her.

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Home with her maiden posy,  
For her feet have touched the meadows  
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Look, a horse at the door,

And little King Charles is snarling,

Go back, my lord, across the moor,

You are not her darling.

## XIII.

## 1.

Scorn'd, to be scorned by one that I scorn,  
Is that a matter to make me fret?  
That a calamity hard to be borne?  
Well, he may live to hate me yet.  
Fool that I am to be vext with his pride!  
I past him, I was crossing his lands;  
He stood on the path a little aside;  
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,  
Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white  
And six feet two, as I think, he stands;  
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,  
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick  
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

## 2.

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,  
I long'd so earnestly then and there  
To give him the grasp of fellowship;  
But while I past he was humming an air,  
Stopt, and then with a riding-whip  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And curving a contumelious lip,  
Gorgonised me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare.

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Why sits he here in his father's chair?  
That old man never comes to his place :  
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen ?  
For only once, in the village street,  
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,  
A gray old wolf and a lean.  
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The bitter springs of anger and fear ;  
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Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
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## 2.

Maud's own little oak-room  
(Which Maud, like a precious stone

Set in the heart of the carven gloom,  
Lights with herself, when alone  
She sits by her music and books,  
And her brother lingers late  
With a roystering company) looks  
Upon Maud's own garden gate :  
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white  
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid  
On the hasp of the window, and my Delight  
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to glee  
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to  
side,  
There were but a step to be made.

## 3.

The fancy flatter'd my mind,  
And again seem'd overbold ;  
Now I thought that she cared for me,  
Now I thought she was kind  
*Only because she was cold.*

## 4.

I heard no sound where I stood  
But the rivulet on from the lawn  
Running down to my own dark wood ;  
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd  
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn ;  
But I look'd, and round, all round the house I  
    beheld  
The death-white curtain drawn ;  
Felt a horror over me creep,  
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,  
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but  
    sleep,  
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep  
    of death.

## XV.

So dark a mind within me dwells,  
And I make myself such evil cheer,  
That if I be dear to some one else,  
Then some one else may have much to fear ;  
But if I be dear to some one else,  
Then I should be to myself more dear.  
Shall I not take care of all that I think,  
Yea, ev'n of wretched meat and drink,  
If I be dear,  
If I be dear to some one else.

## XVI.

## 1.

THIS lump of earth has left his estate  
The lighter by the loss of his weight ;  
And so that he find what he went to seek,  
And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and drown  
His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,  
He may stay for a year who has gone for a week :  
But this is the day when I must speak,  
And I see my Oread coming down,  
O this is the day !  
O beautiful creature, what am I  
That I dare to look her way ;  
Think *I may hold dominion sweet,*



Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast,  
And dream of her beauty with tender dread,  
From the delicate Arab arch of her feet  
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest  
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,  
And she knows it not : O, if she knew it,  
To know her beauty might half undo it.  
I know it the one bright thing to save  
My yet young life in the wilds of Time,  
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,  
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

## 2.

What, if she be fasten'd to this fool lord,  
Dare I bid her abide by her word ?  
Should I love her so well if she  
Had given her word to a thing so low ?  
Shall I love her as well if she  
Can break her word were it even for me ?  
I trust that it is not so.

8.

Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart,  
Let not my tongue be a thrall to my eye,  
For I must tell her before we part,  
I must tell her, or die.

## XVII.

Go not, happy day,  
    From the shining fields,  
Go not, happy day,  
    Till the maiden yields.  
Rosy is the West,  
    Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
    And a rose her mouth.  
When the happy Yes  
    Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
    O'er the blowing ships.  
Over blowing seas,  
    Over seas at rest,

Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the West ;  
Till the red man dance  
By his red cedar tree,  
And the red man's babe  
Leap, beyond the sea.  
Blush from West to East,  
Blush from East to West,  
Till the West is East,  
Blush it thro' the West.  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.

## XVIII.

## 1.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.  
There is none like her, none.  
And never yet so warmly ran my blood  
And sweetly, on and on  
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,  
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

## 2.

None like her, none.  
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk  
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,

And shook my heart to think she comes once more ;  
But even then I heard her close the door,  
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

## 3.

There is none like her, none.  
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.  
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious  
    East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,  
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,  
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
And looking to the South, and fed  
With honey'd rain and delicate air,  
And haunted by the starry head  
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,  
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame ;  
And over whom thy darkness must have spread  
With *such delight as theirs* of old, thy great

Forefathers of the thornless garden, there  
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she  
came.

## 4.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,  
And you fair stars that crown a happy day  
Go in and out as if at merry play,  
Who am no more so all forlorn,  
As when it seem'd far better to be born  
To labor and the mattock-harden'd hand,  
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand  
A sad astrology, the boundless plan  
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,  
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,  
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand  
His nothingness into man.

## 5.

But now shine on, and what care I,  
*Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl*

The counter-charm of space and hollow sky,  
And do accept my madness, and would die  
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

## 6.

Would die ; for sullen-seeming Death may give  
More life to Love than is or ever was  
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to live.  
Let no one ask me how it came to pass ;  
It seems that I am happy, that to me  
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

## 7.

Not die ; but live a life of truest breath,  
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.  
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,  
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death ?  
Make answer, Maud my bliss,  
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,

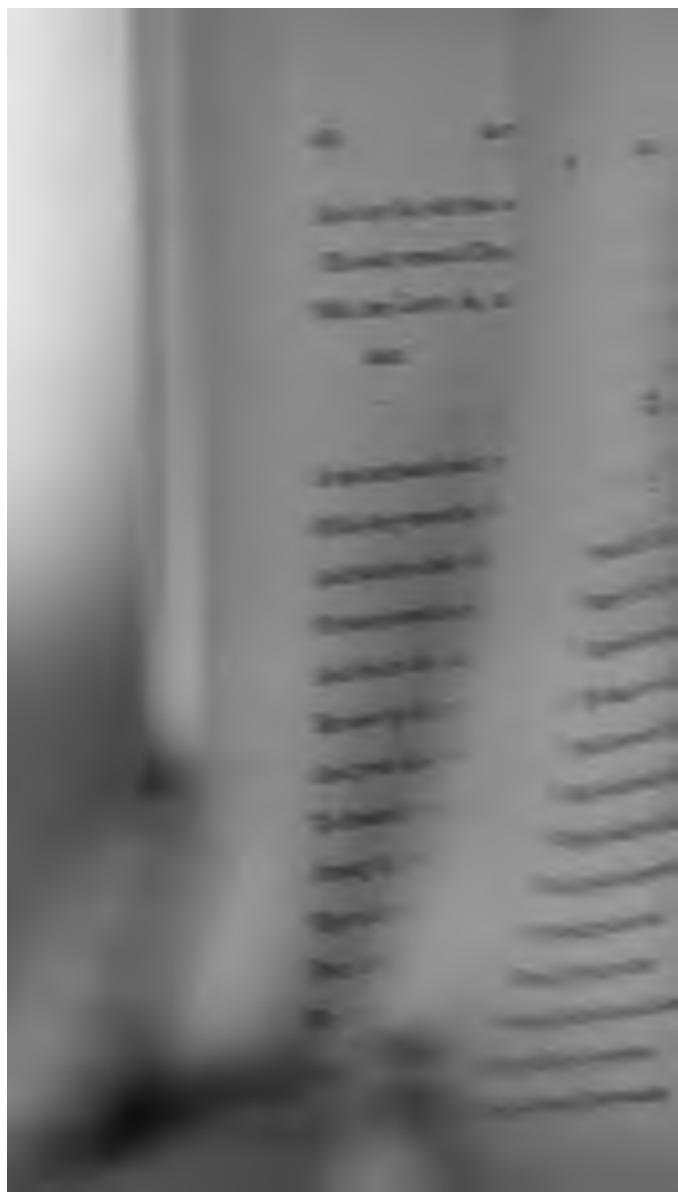


Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?  
'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here  
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more  
dear.'

## 8.

Is that enchanted moan only the swell  
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?  
And hark the clock within, the silver knell  
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,  
And died to live, long as my pulses play;  
But now by this my love has closed her sight  
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away  
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell  
Among the fragments of the golden day.  
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!  
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.  
My bride to be, my evermore delight,  
My own heart's heart and ownest own, farewell.  
It is but for a little space I go:

And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell  
 Beat to the noiseless music of the night !  
 Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow  
 Of your soft splendors that you look so bright ?  
 I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.  
 Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,  
 Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,  
 Blest, but for some dark under-current woe  
**That** seems to draw — but it shall not be so :  
 Let all be well, be well .



Nay, the plainness of her dresses ?  
Now I know her but in two,  
Nor can pronounce upon it  
If one should ask me whether  
The habit, hat, and feather,  
Or the frock and gypsy bonnet  
Be the neater and completer ;  
For nothing can be sweeter  
Than maiden Maud in either.

## 2.

But to-morrow, if we live,  
Our ponderous squire will give  
A grand political dinner  
To half the squirelings near ;  
And Maud will wear her jewels,  
And the bird of prey will hover,  
And the titmouse hope to win her  
With his chirrup at her ear.

[illegible]

There are two main types of *Phragmites*:

1. *Phragmites australis* (Common reed)

2. *Phragmites communis* (Common reed)

Both are native to Europe.



## XVII.

Go not, happy day,  
    From the shining fields,  
Go not, happy day,  
    Till the maiden yields.  
Rosy is the West,  
    Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
    And a rose her mouth.  
When the happy Yes  
    Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
    O'er the blowing ships.  
Over blowing seas,  
    Over seas at rest,

Pass the happy news,

Blush it thro' the West ;

Till the red man dance

By his red cedar tree,

And the red man's babe

Leap, beyond the sea.

Blush from West to East,

Blush from East to West,

Till the West is East,

Blush it thro' the West.

Rosy is the West,

Rosy is the South,

Roses are her cheeks,

And a rose her mouth.



## XVIII.

## 1.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.  
There is none like her, none.  
And never yet so warmly ran my blood  
And sweetly, on and on  
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,  
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

## 2.

None like her, none.  
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk  
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,

And shook my heart to think she comes once more ;  
But even then I heard her close the door,  
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

## 3.

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Nor will be when our summers have deceased.  
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious  
    East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,  
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,  
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
And looking to the South, and fed  
With honey'd rain and delicate air,  
And haunted by the starry head  
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,  
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame ;  
And over whom thy darkness must have spread  
With *such delight as theirs* of old, thy great

He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

## 8.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me ;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

## 9.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one ;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

## 10.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;  
She is coming, my life, my fate ;  
The red rose cries, ' She is near, she is near ;'  
And the white rose weeps, ' She is late ;'  
The larkspur listens, ' I hear, I hear ;'  
And the lily whispers, ' I wait.'

## 11.

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her and beat,

Were it earth in an earthy bed ;

My dust would hear her and beat,

Had I lain for a century dead ;

Would start and tremble under her feet,

And blossom in purple and red.

## XXII.

## 1.

‘THE fault was mine, the fault was mine’—  
Why am I sitting here so stunn’d and still,  
Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?—  
It is this guilty hand!—  
And there rises ever a passionate cry  
From underneath in the darkening land—  
What is it that has been done?  
O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,  
The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,  
The fires of Hell and of Hate;  
For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,  
When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,

He came with the babe-faced lord ;  
Heap'd on her terms of disgrace,  
And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,  
He fiercely gave me the lie,  
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,  
And he struck me, madman, over the face,  
Struck me before the languid fool,  
Who was gaping and grinning by :  
Struck for himself an evil stroke ;  
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe ;  
For front to front in an hour we stood,  
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke  
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,  
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christless code,  
That must have life for a blow.  
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.  
Was it he lay there with a fading eye ?  
' The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, ' fly !'  
Then glided out of the joyous wood  
*The ghastly Wraith of one that I know ;*

And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,  
A cry for a brother's blood :  
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till  
I die.

## 2.

Is it gone ? my pulses beat —  
What was it ? a lying trick of the brain ?  
Yet I thought I saw her stand,  
A shadow there at my feet,  
High over the shadowy land.  
It is gone ; and the heavens fall in a gentle rain,  
When they should burst and drown with deluging  
storms  
The feeble vassals of wine and anger and lust,  
The little hearts that know not how to forgive :  
Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,  
Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms,  
That sting each other here in the dust ;  
We are not *worthy to live.*



## XXIII. .

## 1.

SEE what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Frail, but a work divine,  
Made so fairly well  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design !

## 2.

What is it? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name.

Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same.

## 8.

The tiny cell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill ?  
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Thro' his dim water-world ?

## 4.

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand,  
Small, but a work divine,  
Frail, but of force to withstand,

Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three-decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand !

## 5.

Breton, not Briton ; here  
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast  
Of ancient fable and fear —  
Plagued with a flitting to and fro,  
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost  
That never came from on high  
Nor ever arose from below,  
But only moves with the moving eye,  
Flying along the land and the main —  
Why should it look like Maud ?  
Am I to be overawed  
By what I cannot but know  
Is a juggle born of the brain ?

## 6.

Back from the Breton coast,  
Sick of a nameless fear,  
Back to the dark sea-line  
Looking, thinking of all I have lost ;  
An old song vexes my ear ;  
But that of Lamech is mine.

## 7.

For years, a measureless ill,  
For years, for ever, to part —  
But she, she would love me still ;  
And as long, O God, as she  
Have a grain of love for me,  
So long, no doubt, no doubt,  
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,  
However weary, a spark of will  
*Not to be trampled out.*

## 8.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught  
With a passion so intense  
One would think that it well  
Might drown all life in the eye, —  
That it should, by being so overwrought,  
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense  
For a shell, or a flower, little things  
Which else would have been past by !  
And now I remember, I,  
When he lay dying there,  
I noticed one of his many rings  
(For he had many, poor worm) and thought  
It his mother's hair.

## 9.

Who knows if he be dead ?  
Whether I need have fled ?  
Am I guilty of blood ?

However this may be,  
Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,  
While I am over the sea !  
Let me and my passionate love go by,  
But speak to her all things holy and high,  
Whatever happen to me !  
Me and my harmful love go by ;  
But come to her waking, find her asleep,  
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,  
And comfort her tho' I die.

## XXIV.

## 1.

O THAT 't were possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again !

## 2.

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
Of the land that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

## 3.

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee ;  
Ah Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.

## 4.

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

## 5.

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
*Half in dreams I sorrow after*



. The delight of early skies ;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

## 6.

'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendor falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls ;  
'T is a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet ;  
She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echo rings ;  
In a moment we shall meet ;  
She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet

Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.

## 7.

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye ?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,  
There is some one dying or dead,  
And a sullen thunder is roll'd ;  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled ;  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold.

## 8.

Get thee hence, nor come again,  
*Mix not memory with doubt,*

Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about,  
'T is the blot upon the brain  
That *will* show itself without.

## 9.

Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,  
And the yellow vapors choke  
The great city sounding wide ;  
The day comes, a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke  
On the misty river-tide.

## 10.

Thro' the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame,  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,

The shadow still the same ;  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

## 11.

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering thro' the laurels  
At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall.

## 12.

Would the happy spirit descend,  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
*Should I fear to greet my friend*

Or to say 'forgive the wrong,'  
Or to ask her, 'take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest'?

## 18.

But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be ;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me :  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee.

## XXV.

## 1.

DEAD, long dead,  
Long dead !  
And my heart is a handful of dust,  
And the wheels go over my head,  
And my bones are shaken with pain,  
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,  
Only a yard beneath the street,  
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,  
The hoofs of the horses beat,  
Beat into my scalp and my brain,  
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,  
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,  
*Clamor and rumble, and ringing and clatter,*

And here beneath it is all as bad,  
For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not  
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad  
But up and down and to and fro,  
Ever about me the dead men go ;  
And then to hear a dead man chatter  
Is enough to drive one mad.

## 2.

Wretchedest age, since Time began,  
They cannot even bury a man ;  
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days that are  
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read ;  
It is that which makes us loud in the world c  
dead ;  
There is none that does his work, not one ;  
A touch of their office might have sufficed,  
But the churchmen fain would kill their church  
As *the churches* have kill'd their Christ.

## 3.

See, there is one of us sobbing,  
No limit to his distress ;  
And another, a lord of all things, praying  
To his own great self, as I guess ;  
And another, a statesman there, betraying  
His party-secret, fool, to the press ;  
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing  
The case of his patient — all for what ?  
To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,  
And wheedle a world that loves him not,  
For it is but a world of the dead.

## 4.

Nothing but idiot gabble !  
For the prophecy given of old  
And then not understood,  
Has come to pass as foretold ;  
Not let *any man think* for the public good,



All made up of the lily and rose  
That blow by night, when the season is good,  
To the sound of dancing music and flutes :  
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,  
And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood ;  
For the keeper was one, so full of pride,  
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride ;  
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes,  
Would he have that hole in his side ?

## 9.

But what will the old man say ?  
He laid a cruel snare in a pit  
To catch a friend of mine one stormy day ;  
Yet now I could even weep to think of it ;  
For what will the old man say  
When he comes to the second corpse in the pit ?

## 10.

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,

Then to strike him and lay him low,  
That were a public merit, far,  
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin ,  
But the red life spilt for a private blow —  
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war  
Are scarcely even akin.

## 11.

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough ?  
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,  
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper ?  
Maybe still I am but half dead ;  
Then I cannot be wholly dumb ;  
I will cry to the steps above my head,  
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come  
To bury me, bury me  
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

## XXVI.

## 1.

My life has crept so long on a broken wing  
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,  
That I come to be grateful at last for a little  
thing :

My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year  
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer  
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,  
That like a silent lightning under the stars  
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the  
blest,

And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming  
wars —

‘And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,  
Knowing I tarry for thee,’ and pointed to Mars  
As he glow’d like a ruddy shield on the Lion’s  
breast.

## 2.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear  
delight

To have look’d, tho’ but in a dream, upon eyes so  
fair,

That had been in a weary world my one thing  
bright;

And it was but a dream, yet it lighten’d my despair  
When I thought that a war would arise in defence  
of the right,

That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,  
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,  
Nor Britain’s one sole God be the millionaire:

No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace  
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,  
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on the slothful shore,  
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat,  
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

## 8

And as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,  
'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I  
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and  
true),  
'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,  
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'  
And I stood on a giant deck and mixed my breath  
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,  
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly  
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

---

## 4.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims  
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,  
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and  
shames,  
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;  
And hail once more to the banner of battle  
unroll'd!  
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall  
weep  
For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring  
claims,  
Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant  
liar;  
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,  
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,  
And noble thought be freer under the sun,  
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;  
For the long, long canker of peace is over and done;

And now by the side of the Black and the **Bali**  
deep,

And deathful-grinning mouths of the **fortres**  
flames

The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire-

## THE BROOK ;

AN IDYL.



' HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to the East  
And he for Italy — too late — too late :  
One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;  
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,  
And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;  
Nor could he understand how money breeds,  
Thought it a dead thing ; yet himself could make  
The thing that is not as the thing that is.  
O had he lived ! In our school-books we say,  
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,  
They flourish'd then or then ; but life in him



Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd  
On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,  
And nothing perfect : yet the brook he loved,  
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,  
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,  
I panted, seems, as I relisten to it,  
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,  
To me that loved him ; for " O brook," he says,  
" O babbling brook," says Edmund in his rhyme,  
" Whence come you ? " and the brook, why not  
replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

‘ Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,  
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,  
It has more ivy ; there the river ; and there  
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

‘ But Philip chatter’d more than brook or bird ;  
Old Philip ; all about the fields you caught  
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry  
High-elbow’d grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel,  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

‘ O darling Katie Willows, his one child !  
A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;  
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse ;

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ;  
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within.

‘ Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,  
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,  
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.  
For here I came, twenty years back — the week  
Before I parted with poor Edmund ; crost  
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,  
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam  
Beyond it, where the waters marry — crost,  
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,  
And push’d at Philip’s garden-gate. The gate,  
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,  
Stuck ; and he clamor’d from a casement, “ run,”  
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,  
“ Run, Katie ! ” Katie never ran : she moved  
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,

A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

‘What was it? less of sentiment than sense  
Had Katie; not illiterate; neither one  
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,  
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,  
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

‘She told me. She and James had quarrell'd.

Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;  
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,  
I learnt that James had flickering jealousies  
Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said.  
But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,  
And sketching with her slender pointed foot  
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram  
On garden gravel, let my query pass  
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd

If James were coming. "Coming every day,"

She answered, "ever longing to explain,

But evermore her father came across

With some long-winded tale, and broke him short ;

And James departed vext with him and her."

How could I help her? "Would I — was it  
wrong?"

(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace

Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)

"O would I take her father for one hour,

For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"

And even while she spoke, I saw where James

Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,

Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!

For in I went, and call'd old Philip out

To show the farm: full willingly he rose:

He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes

Of *his wheat-suburb*, babbling as he went.

He praised his land, his horses, his machines ;  
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs  
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens ;  
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs  
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts :  
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took  
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,  
And naming those, his friends, for whom the  
were :

Then crost the common into Darnley chase  
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern  
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.  
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said :  
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'  
And there he told a long long-winded tale  
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,  
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,  
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,

And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,  
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
He gave them line : and five days after that  
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,  
Who then and there had offer'd something more,  
But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;  
He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price ;  
He gave them line : and how by chance at last  
(It might be May or April, he forgot,  
The last of April or the first of May)  
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,  
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,  
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,  
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

‘ Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,  
Poor fellow, could he help it ? recommenced,  
And ran thro’ all the coltish chronicle,  
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,  
*Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,*



Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,  
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,  
And with me Philip, talking still ; and so  
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,  
And following our own shadows thrice as long  
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,  
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content  
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers ;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows ;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses ;  
I linger by my shingly bars ;  
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,  
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,  
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,  
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
Of Brunelleschi ; sleeps in peace : and he,  
Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words  
Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :  
I scraped the lichen from it : Katie walks  
By the long wash of Australasian seas  
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile  
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind  
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook  
*A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,*

Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath  
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge  
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;  
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,  
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared  
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within:  
Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the  
farm?' —

'Yes' answer'd she. — 'Pray stay a little: pardon  
me;

What do they call you?' — 'Katie.' — 'That were  
strange.

What surname?' — 'Willows.' — 'No!' — 'That is  
my name.' —

'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplext,  
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he  
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,  
*Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.*

Then looking at her ; ' Too happy, fresh and fair,  
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,  
To be the ghost of one who bore your name  
About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

' Have you not heard ? ' said Katie, ' we came  
back.

We bought the farm we tenanted before.

Am I so like her ? so they said on board.

Sir, if you knew her in her English days,

My mother, as it seems you did, the days

That most she loves to talk of, come with me.

My brother James is in the harvest-field :

But she — you will be welcome — O, come in !'



## THE LETTERS.



### 1.

STILL on the tower stood the vane,  
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,  
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane  
And saw the altar cold and bare.  
A clog of lead was round my feet,  
A band of pain across my brow;  
'Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet  
Before you hear my marriage vow.'

## 2.

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song  
That mock'd the wholesome human hear  
And then we met in wrath and wrong,  
We met, but only meant to part.  
Full cold my greeting was and dry ;  
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved ;  
I saw with half-unconscious eye  
She wore the colors I approved.

## 3.

She took the little ivory chest,  
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,  
Then raised her head with lips comprest,  
And gave my letters back to me.  
And gave the trinkets and the rings,  
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please  
As looks a father on the things  
Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

## 4.

She told me all her friends had said ;  
I raged against the public liar ;  
She talk'd as if her love were dead,  
But in my words were seeds of fire.  
' No more of love ; your sex is known :  
I never will be twice deceived.  
Henceforth I trust the man alone,  
The woman cannot be believed.

## 5.

' Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell  
(And women's slander is the worst),  
And you, whom once I loved so well,  
Thro' you, my life will be accurst.'  
I spoke with heart, and heat and force,  
I shook her breast with vague alarms —  
Like torrents from a mountain source  
We rush'd into each other's arms.



## 6.

We parted : sweetly gleam'd the stars,  
And sweet the vapor-braided blue,  
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,  
As homeward by the church I drew.  
The very graves appear'd to smile,  
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells ;  
' Dark porch,' I said, ' and silent aisle,  
There comes a sound of marriage bells.'

ODE ON THE DEATH  
OF  
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



ODE ON THE DEATH  
OF  
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



1.

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall,

Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

## 2.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?  
Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

## 3.

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow ;  
The last great Englishman is low.

## 4.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.

No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :  
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that  
blew !

Such was he whom we deplore.

The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.

The great World-victor's victor will be seen ~~no~~  
more.

## 5.

All is over and done :

Render thanks to the Giver,

England, for thy son.

Let the bell be toll'd.

Render thanks to the Giver,

And render him to the mould.

Under the cross of gold

That shines over city and river,

There he shall rest for ever

Among the wise and the bold.

Let the bell be toll'd :

And a reverent people behold

The towering car, the sable steeds :

Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,

Dark in its funeral fold.  
Let the bell be toll'd :  
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd  
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;  
He knew their voices of old.  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's-ear has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;  
With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name,  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-attemper'd frame.  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,



To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-ringing avenues of song.

## 6.

Who is he that cometh like an honor'd guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with  
priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?  
Mighty seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began.  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea ;  
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;  
O give him welcome, this is he,

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee ;  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun ;  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew.  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
*Till o'er the hills her eagles flew*

Past the Pyrenean pines,  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings ;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ==  
A day of onsets of despair!  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;  
Through the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do

In that world's earthquake, Waterloo !  
Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !  
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.

## 7.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.  
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget  
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;  
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,  
We have a voice with which to pay the debt  
Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.  
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;  
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;  
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,

---

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.  
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.  
Remember him who led your hosts ;  
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.  
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;  
His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever ; and whatever tempests lower  
For ever silent ; even if they broke  
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;  
Who never sold the truth, to serve the hour,  
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow  
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;  
Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;  
Who never spoke against a foe ;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :  
*Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;*

Truth-lover was our English Duke ;  
Whatever record leap to light  
He never shall be shamed.

## 8.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.  
Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,

He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.  
Such was he : his work is done :  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;  
Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glory :  
And let *the land* whose hearths he saved from shame



For many and many an age proclaim  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,  
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.

## 9.

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
By some yet unmoulded tongue  
Far on in summers that we shall not see :  
Peace, it is a day of pain  
For one about whose patriarchal knee  
Late the little children clung :  
O peace, it is a day of pain  
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain  
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.  
Ours the pain, be his the gain !  
More than is of man's degree

---

Must be with us, watching here  
At this, our great solemnity.  
Whom we see not we revere.  
We revere, and we refrain  
From talk of battles loud and vain,  
And brawling memories all too free  
For such a wise humility  
As befits a solemn fane :  
We revere, and while we hear  
The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,  
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,  
Until we doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And Victor he must ever be.  
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will ;  
Tho' worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll

Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul ?  
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ear  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and  
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;  
He is gone who seem'd so great. —  
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
But speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him.

## THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

---

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,  
In lands of palm and southern pine ;  
    In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,  
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbìa show'd  
In ruin, by the mountain road ;  
    How like a gem, beneath the city  
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell  
The torrent vineyard streaming fell  
    To meet the sun and sunny waters,  
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew  
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue ;  
    Where, here and there, on sandy beaches  
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,  
Yet present in his natal grove,  
    Now watching high on mountain cornice,  
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim ;  
Till, in a narrow street and dim,  
    I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,  
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,  
Not the clipt palm of which they boast ;  
    But distant color, happy hamlet,  
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen  
A light amid its olives green ;  
    Or olive-hoary cape in ocean ;  
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed  
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread ;  
    And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten  
Of ice, far off on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,  
Those niched shapes of noble mould,  
    A princely people's awful princes,  
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,  
In those long galleries, were ours ;  
    What drives about the fresh Cascinè,  
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,  
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,  
    Or palace, how the city glitter'd,  
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain  
Remember what a plague of rain ;  
    Of rain at Reggio, at Parma ;  
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles  
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles ;  
    Porch-pillars on the lion resting,  
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

---

O Milan, O the chanting quires,  
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,  
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory !  
A mount of marble, a hundred spires !

I climb'd the roofs at break of day ;  
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.  
I stood among the silent statues,  
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,  
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there  
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys  
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last  
To Como ; shower and storm and blast  
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,  
And all was flooded ; and how we past



From Como, when the light was gray,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
    The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,  
As on The Lariano crept  
    To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept ;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake  
A cypress in the moonlight shake,  
    The moonlight touching o'er a terrace  
One tall Agavè above the lake.

What more ? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splugen drew,  
    But ere we reach'd the highest summit  
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy.

O love, we two shall go no longer  
To lands of summer beyond the sea ;

So dear a life your arms enfold  
Whose crying is a cry for gold :  
Yet here to-night in this dark city,  
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,  
This nursling of another sky  
Still in the little book you lent me,  
And where you tenderly laid it by :

And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,  
The bitter east, the misty summer  
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,

Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,

Perchance, to dream you still beside me,

My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.



COME, when no graver cares employ,  
Godfather, come and see your boy :  
Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,  
Who give the Fiend himself his due,  
Should eighty-thousand college-councils  
Thunder ' Anathema,' friend, at you ;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite

At you, so careful of the right,

Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome  
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,

I watch the twilight falling brown

All round a careless-order'd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You 'll have no scandal while you dine,

But honest talk and wholesome wine,

And only hear the magpie gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine :

For groves of pine on either hand,

To break the blast of winter, stand ;

And further on, the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand ;

Where, if below the milky steep  
Some ship of battle slowly creep,  
And on thro' zones of light and shadow  
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin  
Which made a selfish war begin;  
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;  
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win :

Or whether war's avenging rod  
Shall lash all Europe into blood;  
Till you should turn to dearer matters,  
Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store,  
How mend the dwellings, of the poor;  
How gain in life, as life advances,  
Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come : the lawn as yet  
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet ;

But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,  
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,  
For those are few we hold as dear ;  
Nor pay but one, but come for many,  
Many and many a happy year.

*January, 1854.*

## W I L L .



### 1.

O WELL for him whose will is strong !  
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;  
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :  
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,  
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,  
Who seems a promontory of rock,  
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,  
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

### 2.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,  
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,



And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,  
Or seeming-genial venial fault,  
Recurring and suggesting still !  
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,  
Toiling in immeasurable sand,  
And o'er a weary sultry land,  
Far beneath a blazing vault,  
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,  
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

THE  
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.



1.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“ Charge,” was the captain’s cry ;  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs but to do and die,  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

From Como, when the light was gray,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
    The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,  
As on The Lariano crept  
    To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept ;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake  
A cypress in the moonlight shake,  
    The moonlight touching o'er a terrace  
One tall Agavè above the lake.

What more ? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splugen drew,  
    But ere we reach'd the highest summit  
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy.

O love, we two shall go no longer  
To lands of summer beyond the sea ;

So dear a life your arms enfold  
Whose crying is a cry for gold :  
Yet here to-night in this dark city,  
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,  
This nursling of another sky  
Still in the little book you lent me,  
And where you tenderly laid it by :

And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,  
The bitter east, the misty summer  
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,

Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,

Perchance, to dream you still beside me,

My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.



COME, when no graver cares employ,  
Godfather, come and see your boy :  
Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,  
Who give the Fiend himself his due,  
Should eighty-thousand college-councils  
Thunder ‘ Anathema,’ friend, at you ;







Come, Maurice, come : the lawn as yet  
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet ;

But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,  
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,  
For those are few we hold as dear ;  
Nor pay but one, but come for many,  
Many and many a happy year.

*January, 1854.*

## W I L L .



### 1.

O WELL for him whose will is strong !  
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;  
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :  
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,  
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,  
Who seems a promontory of rock,  
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,  
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

### 2.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,  
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,

WILL.

And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,  
Or seeming-genial venial fault,  
Recurring and suggesting still !  
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Toiling in immeasurable sand,  
And o'er a weary sultry land,  
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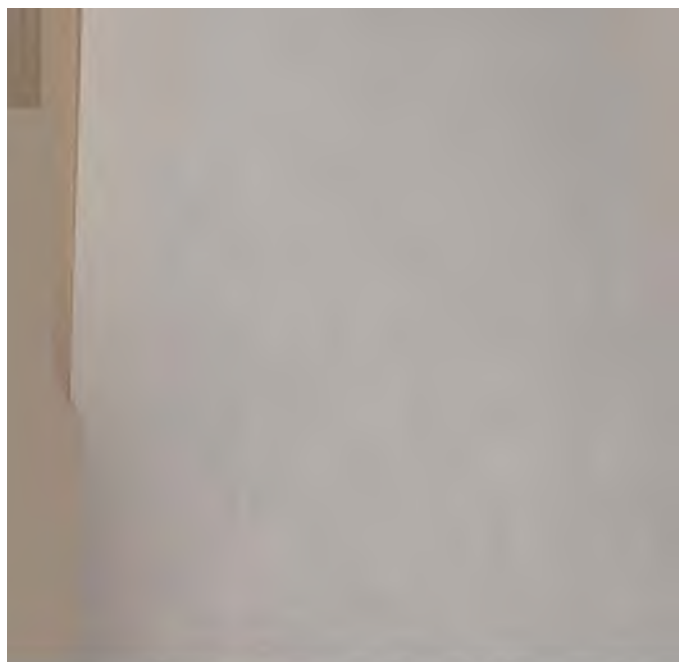
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